

# The Daily Movie Magazine

## CLOSE-UPS of the MOVIE GAME

By HENRY M. NEELY

### A French Producer With Some New Ideas

WHEN you first talked with Louis Mercanton—if you didn't know about him—you would be puzzled to decide from his accent just what his nationality was. Every now and then you would get a suggestion of French, but mostly you would be impressed by the broad English that would make you wonder if you hadn't met him under the shadow of Old Tom tower in Oxford.

Mercanton is all French so far as blood is concerned, but he has spent so much of his time in England that he has acquired the English way of talking. Probably you never heard of Mercanton and so you can't see what difference it makes to you who or what he is. Well, you will hear of him. In England and France he is widely press-agented in the newspapers as the only producer of motion pictures who can compare with D. W. Griffith. And he was in this country recently arranging for the marketing of his productions here.

I met him in New York and had several chats with him. And I found that he had a number of theories about motion pictures that were different from the usual run.

For instance, his favorite dictum is: "Get your stories. Kill your stars. Stars are enemies of art."

That in itself is enough to start an endless argument among the movie fans in this country. And another of his theories—though it concerns the producers rather than the fans—is that it is silly to build costly and elaborate sets that only imitate the real thing. He believes in taking his whole outfit to the actual scene called for by the script and making his picture right on the very spot wanted.

YOU'LL soon see one of Mercanton's productions that will show you the results of his ideas. It is a picture of Anthony Hope's "Phroso," with Malvina Longfellow as the heroine and the English author—French producer—American actress. There's an international combination.

IN MAKING "Phroso" for the screen this French pioneer toured all over Southern France, trudging his paraphernalia about in big army caissons, and suddenly dumping it out and beginning to "shoot" as soon as he came upon the ideal castle or village or bit of woodland.

"I should say the method is 50 per cent cheaper than the method now in vogue in America," Mercanton told me. "For instance, in France I rented a beautiful chateau for two months at a cost of 20,000 francs (about two thousand dollars in American money at the present rate of exchange). My entire company lived there under ideal conditions while we were making our picture which was five reels, and it took us only forty days to complete it."

Mercanton rented an island on which was an old fort—an ideal setting for many of the episodes in "Phroso." He also got some most unusual scenes in a cave four hundred feet underground in which it was impossible for the players to stay more than an hour at a time, when it was necessary to come up for air.

"The cave," said the French producer in describing this stunt, "was an underground grotto discovered by a peasant, whose plow struck on a rock. He blew out the rock with dynamite and discovered an immense spiral cavern which descended for 400 feet. It is near Cannes, France, and the walls are a mass of stalactites of a chalk formation."

"When we had forty or fifty lamps going for taking the pictures there was not much air. I gave the peasant about one hundred dollars for the use of the cave and we obtained some very unusual scenes—stuff which could not be duplicated in a built-up set, no matter what the cost."

MERCANTON'S outfit includes eighty small unit lamps, and their power is furnished direct from the big motor lorries which carry them about. They are capable of lighting up any scene to the distance of a quarter of a mile.

FILMING a congregation when they were not looking was another feat of the French producer. He wanted to take a little French village church at Saintes-Marie-de-la-Mer during the annual ceremony of lowering the relics of the saints. It was in this picture that the great French actress, Rejane, acted for the last time before her death, and in which she played the famous French author, who wrote the story, played another of the characters.

With the permission of the parish priest, a sunlight arc and other lamps were erected in the organ loft of the old church. Two cameras were concealed in the gallery.

Just as the relics of the saints were being reverently lowered according to time-honored custom, a golden rainbow of light shot across them. The peasants believed that a miracle had been performed and fell upon their knees with cries of wonder.

"The village carpenter in charge of lowering the relics almost spoiled our picture, though," said Mercanton. "He thought he would give us 'full value,' so he took half an hour to lower them in place of the usual two minutes, and we dared not shout out for fear of revealing the trick to the kneeling congregation."

The cast in "Phroso" is one of the most cosmopolitan imaginable. Actors of nine different nationalities take part in it. It is the Frenchman's custom to grab up some one whom he sees on the streets and thinks would fit into a certain role. It was in this way that he engaged Ivor Novello, his latest screen "find." Novello is a young English composer who jumped into fame by writing the music for "Keep the Home Fires Burning." Novello is distinctly romantic looking, but had never even thought of acting. One day Mercanton saw a photograph of Novello.

"Get me that boy," he commanded. When informed the boy was a musical composer, not an actor, the producer merely raised his eyebrows, and in the same level tone repeated: "Get him." And get him they did.

"ONLY real life rings true on the screen," says Mercanton. "So far as possible we must abandon imitations. Within five years the elaborate cinema studios, where artificial scenes now are erected at enormous cost, will largely be disused. Fiction will be produced not in studios and real life scenes, but in real houses and professional players for all but leading roles will not be needed."

## Daily Tabloid Talks to Fans on Breaking Into the Movies

By JOHN EMERSON and ANITA LOOS

### How Others Have Done It

The authors of this series are the famous Emerson and Loos, who have written some of the most successful photoplays. They now have in charge of all scenarios for Constance Talmadge.

The biographies of the film celebrities are as picturesque as the story of their industry. Nearly all of them have risen from the ranks. Few of them in the days when the motion picture was classed as a freak novelty, expected the present amazing expansion of the industry. Still fewer had any conception of their own latent talents in photodramatic art.

But characteristics which they all had in common were determination to succeed in their profession, a modest faith in its future, and a desire to learn the business from the ground up.

It is a curious fact that many of the directors of today were once automobile mechanics. This is not because automobile mechanics are as a class better fitted for such work, but because in the old days of 1907 and 1908 and 1909, when everything started, they had a singular opportunity to apprentice themselves to the profession.

In those days companies worked almost entirely out of doors and the cameraman transported his paraphernalia in an automobile.

The driver of the automobile would usually assist the cameraman in "setting up"; a friendship would spring up between them; presently the driver would be assistant cameraman, then chief cameraman, and finally director.

Of course, directors have been recruited from every profession and every class—actors, authors, professors, newspapermen, scene carpenters and artists, for the dramatic gift is not confined to any class. What a man's profession was before he entered motion pictures has nothing to do with his career thereafter; he has to learn everything all over again, and a very good actor, with years of studio experience, may make a very poor director, whereas an unsuccessful third-smith might suddenly rise to the top by virtue of an innate gift for this type of work.

THE scenario writers of today have also grown up with the business. Some were newspapermen who broke into the game as press-agents; some as actors; others were directors, and many a large number of profes-

## FRENCH DIRECTOR HAS NEW IDEAS IN STAGING NEW PRODUCTIONS



### ART ACORD SAW HIMSELF ON CEILING OF A HOSPITAL

ART ACORD, a strapping big cowboy from Utah, helped a little French girl get her suitcase aboard an overland train at Ogden. They looked in each other's eye for three seconds and lived a century. The girl was on her way to Paris. War had just been declared and the Hun was hammering at the gates of Paris. There was little time for conversation, but Acord got her name.

"I'll see you there if we get into it," he said.

President Wilson's campaign slogans had become history and the big fellow was on a transport. He went to the Verdun front with the Fourth Division and collected a Croix de Guerre for every helmet. Then he tried to get to Paris. The city was better guarded with military police than was the front with soldiers, he said. He was sent back to the front and slushed around in trenches for thirteen days. He woke up in a hospital.

"When you are better," said a surgeon, "show me your suitcase." Acord showed you his suitcase and the French nurse who was looking at it looked at her. She just rests at the fact that any French nurse would be worth the effort.

You can imagine how it was. In an hour they were looking at American movies on the ceiling. It was a Western picture and Art Acord was the star.

### BROADWAY STREW WITH STARS NOW, GARRY DISCOVERS

By HELEN KLUMPH

FIFTH AVENUE was like a path-way of the stars this morning. Garry announced to me, and her eyes were so glowing with wonder that I thought she must have seen Bull Montana and Ben Turpin at least. As usual, I was wrong.

"Just coming out of the Ritz was Gloria Swanson—looking, well—as no one but Gloria Swanson could look. She had a simple little black dress on, and a hat with long graceful feathers, and she looked about seventeen," Garry laughed at me, her hands waving descriptively, testifying to the recent visit of Max Linder to the East.

"She's been working so steadily out at the Lasky studio for the last six months or so that she's just tired out. She says so, but you'd never suspect it from looking at her. She can dress the hotel daytimes—that is when she can escape artists who want to paint her, designers who beg her to wear their creations, and chemists who want to name perfume, powders, or lipsticks after her. And then at night—like all the players visiting in the East, she goes to the theaters."

Not far from there I met Mary Miles Minter. She's just rushing back to California to start work again. And I saw Louise Huff, who simply refused to be pulled up over the wonderful things the critics said about her performance in "Israëli." She wanted to talk about how funny-looking her younger baby is. She insists that he looks like Leon Errol, but every one else thinks he's a perfect cherub.

"But the happiest meeting of all was with Betty Hutton. She was with her husband, Paul Seardon, and for some reason or other Betty and I fell to reminiscing. I guess it was because we'd seen St. Thomas' Church just as the wedding party was coming out, and the bride was carrying American Beauties. They had been awfully good friends for a long time—all the time that she was playing at Vitagraph and he was directing pictures there. She didn't realize that people who were perfectly con-

### Will Be Wally's Lead Again

For the first time since "The Charm School," which was last year, Lila Lee is again to support Wallace Reid. She will play the leading feminine role in his latest picture, "Heat Free," work upon which has just begun at the Lasky studio. Hollywood. Meantime Miss Lee has been busy as leading woman for Rescue Arducke in two pictures and as one of the featured players in William de Millie's production, "After the Show."

### It Simply Wasn't Done in the Old School of Acting

AN OLD-SCHOOL actor, whose barnstorming days had yielded to days of the farm, recently came from his rural retreat, intending to break into the movies. He had a great scorn of the speeches art, but there was money in it, he had been told, so he condescended to descend upon Metro studios in Hollywood.

Reg Ingram, casting about for actors for "Turn to the Right," thought he might use the retired veteran in an emotional "bit" that would bring him from his retirement. He arranged for the actor to call at the studios the following morning at 10 o'clock for a trial. The veteran called, was tried and found wanting. Mr. Ingram was very sorry and that, but—

"That ghost of Julius Caesar" cried the actor, "You can't expect a man to do an emotional scene at 10 o'clock in the morning!"

### Saw Himself on Ceiling

Art Acord was in a picture projected on the ceiling of a hospital in which he was convalescing after being wounded in France.

### Many New Fox Pictures Ready

Unusual activity marks the approach of the new season at the William Fox Hollywood studio. John Gilbert's second starring picture, which has not been named, is just finished. So is "The Lady From Lonsare," with William Russell; "Bar Nothin'," with Buck Jones; "Queenie," with Shirley Mason, and "The Drifter," with Edna Murphy and Johnnie Walker. New pictures started are "Little Miss Hawsaw," with Ellen Percy; "Riding With Death," starring Buck Jones and "The Desert Shall Bloom," with William Russell.

## CONFESSIONS OF A STAR

As Told to INEZ KLUMPH

THE STORY BEGINS with the early days in the old Fine Arts studio in California, when Colleen Moore, the Gish girls, Bessie Love and a host of others were not much more than extra girls. Diana Cheyne relates the tale; she begins with the day in the studio when she and Isabel Heath, her stars then as they are now, were sitting on the stairs when a strange man came into the studio and looked at them. The cameraman called them down to meet him, and it proved the turning point in Isabel's life. He was Phil Crane, a famous director from the eastern states, and he invited Isabel to be the first of the screen's "baby camps," and engaged her for such a part in a photoplay he was producing.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XI

I WENT back to the ballroom with the avowed intention of repaying those girls who were snubbing me in coin of their own making. I flirted with every man there, and because I was an actress, they were delighted, most of them, and devoted themselves to me. I didn't enjoy it; I felt hurt, and angry. You see, ever since I'd gone into pictures I'd played around mostly with the girls who were in pictures, too, and it had never occurred to me that people looked down on us.

While I'm still on the subject, I'm going to stop talking about myself and tell you what just such a snubbing, only a more severe one, did to a girl who's in pictures. She began in serials, because she had been walking the streets hungry, and when she heard that they wanted somebody to do stunts in one episode of a serial that was being made at one of the studios she applied for the job.

"I was so worn out and hungry that I didn't much care whether I got hurt or not," she told me the other day, when she sat here in my living room, looking out over the city, and played with the gorgeous ermine scarf that was thrown around her shoulders. "In fact, rather than hoped I would get hurt and be sent to a hospital, so that I'd be sure of having food and a roof over my head for a while, at least."

She wasn't hurt, and she made good and got a job, and finally became a star in serials. She was one of the nicest girls I've ever known; she and I used to ride horseback together once in a while, and though we never got well enough acquainted for her to tell me much about herself, I liked her ever so much.

Then the most awful stories began to go around town about her, and she began to act in a way that made them seem probable. I went East at that time, and so never knew how much was true and how much was just gossip, until she told me the other day, after she had saved her money. He had an awful lot of it; his people were some of the lucky ones who'd found an oil well in the back yard, and were just rolling in moolah.

"I said I'd marry him, but I thought he ought to introduce me to his folks first. So we went down to the town where they lived, in other words—hotter than Dutch love, it was, and when we first got there I thought I'd die of the heat. But as soon as we got to their house and met his family, I saw that the comers of my reputation could chill the air enough for anybody."

"What do you mean?" I demanded. "Weren't they nice to you?"

"Nice? Oh, lady, lady! They all but locked up the silver and sent for the police when they saw me coming. Just the way they looked at me made me feel like the other fellow in a fight scene with Bill Duncan. They didn't limit themselves to looks, either—they said a lot of things. They insulted me fifty ways from the ace, and what mother and dad couldn't think of, the three daughters could."

"Well, I stayed two hours and then went down and sat in the railway station till there was a train going somewhere, I didn't care where. And say, a funny thing happened while I was waiting. I'd always thought it must be nice to be a celebrity and have strangers recognize you. And as I sat there feeling so unhappy that I'd have committed suicide if I'd had anything to do it with, some kid who was going by recognized me, and the first thing I knew, there stood half the town gazing at me in awe and admiration. Funny, isn't it, the way things you've always wanted come to you just when something else has taken the kick all out of them?"

"But what did you do?" I wanted to know. "Was that when—"

"That was when, all right," she cut in. "I went back to Los and started to burn up the town, but the right kind of people are going to kick me out, anyway. I said to myself, 'why, I'll give 'em something to kick me out for.'"

She went over to a mirror then and dabbed the tear-stains away, and fluffed out her harshly golden hair. And I wondered how many others there are in motion pictures who have become notorious just because "nice people" somewhere have made them so.

CONTINUED MONDAY

The following theatres obtain their pictures through the STANLEY Company of America, which is a guarantee of early showing of the finest productions. Ask for the theatre in your locality obtaining pictures through the Stanley Company of America.

<b>APOLLO</b> 522 & THOMPSON STS. BRYANT WASHBURN in "THE ROAD TO LONDON"	<b>GRANT</b> 4022 GIRARD AVE. BESSIE BARRISLE in "THE BREAKING POINT"	<b>THE NIXON-NIRDLINGER</b> THEATRES
<b>ARCADIA</b> CHESTNUT BET. 10TH & 11TH A. STS. WANDA HAWLEY in "THE SNOW"	<b>GREAT NORTHERN</b> Broad St. at Erie LIONEL BARRYMORE in "THE GREAT ADVENTURE"	<b>BELMONT</b> 522 ABOVE MARKET WM. RUSSELL and SPECIAL CAST in "Children of the Night"
<b>ASTOR</b> FRANKLIN & GIRARD AVE. Gertrude Atterton and Special Cast in "Don't Neglect Your Wife"	<b>IMPERIAL</b> 601 & 603 BROAD STS. WHITMAN BENNETT and Special Cast in "NOT GUILTY"	<b>CEDAR</b> 60TH & CEDAR AVENUE ALL-STAR CAST IN "THE BUTTERFLY GIRL"
<b>BALTIMORE</b> 51ST & BALTIMORE AVE. KATHERINE McDONALD in "MY LADY'S LATCHKEY"	<b>Lehigh Palace</b> Germantown Ave. and Lehigh Avenue TOM MOORE in "HOLD YOUR HORSES"	<b>COLISEUM</b> Market Bet. 8th & 9th ALL-STAR CAST "SUNSET JONES"
<b>BENN</b> 94TH and WOODLAND AVE. MATINEE DAILY	<b>OVERBROOK</b> 934 and Haverford DOUGLAS MacLEAN in "ONE A MINUTE"	<b>JUMBO</b> FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE. ALL-STAR CAST WILLIAM S. HART in "THE DESERT MAN"
<b>ROSCOE (Fatty) ARBUCKLE</b> in "THE TRAVELING SALESMAN"	<b>PALACE</b> 1214 MARKET STREET CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG in "CHARGE IT"	<b>LEADER</b> 41ST & LANCASTER AVE. MAY McCAVOY and SPECIAL CAST DOROTHY DALTON in "BEHIND MASKS"
<b>BLUEBIRD</b> Broad & SUN. AVE. DORIS MAY and COURTNEY FOOTE in "THE BRONZE BELL"	<b>PRINCESS</b> 1018 MARKET STREET SPECIAL CAST "THE HEART LINE"	<b>LOCUST</b> 522 and LOCUST STREETS THOMAS MEIGHAN in "THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN"
<b>CAPITOL</b> 722 MARKET ST. TOM MOORE in "MADE IN HEAVEN"	<b>REGENT</b> MARKET ST. Below 11TH JUSTINE JOHNSTONE in "SHEPHERD DAUGHTERS"	<b>RIVOLI</b> 522 and RANSOM STS. MAY McCAVOY and SPECIAL CAST "A PRIVATE SCANDAL"
<b>COLONIAL</b> 6th & Maplewood Aves. ROSCOE (Fatty) ARBUCKLE in "CRAZY TO MARRY"	<b>RIALTO</b> GERMANTOWN AVENUE NORMA TALMADGE in "THE FASHION FLOWER"	<b>STRAND</b> GERMANTOWN AVENUE AT VESNAGO STREET ROSCOE (Fatty) ARBUCKLE in "CRAZY TO MARRY"
<b>DARBY THEATRE</b> LIONEL BARRYMORE in "THE DEVIL'S GARDEN"	<b>RUBY</b> MARKET ST. BELOW 7TH WANDA HAWLEY in "HER STURDY OAK"	<b>AT OTHER THEATRES</b> MEMBERS OF M. P. T. O. A.
<b>EMPRESS</b> MAIN ST. NANAYUNK WALLACE REID in "TOO MUCH SPEED"	<b>SAVOY</b> 1211 MARKET STREET LIONEL BARRYMORE in "THE DEVIL'S GARDEN"	<b>Germantown</b> 5510 GERMANTOWN AVE. MATINEE DAILY BERT LYTELLE in "THE PRICE OF REDEMPTION"
<b>FAIRMOUNT</b> 20th & Girard Aves. FRANKLIN FARNUM in "THE LAST CHANCE"	<b>SHERWOOD</b> 54th & Baltimore Aves. TOM MOORE in "HOLD YOUR HORSES"	<b>JEFFERSON</b> 29th & Dauphin STS. MATINEE DAILY EUGENE O'BRIEN in "WORLDS APART"
<b>FAMILY</b> THEATRE—1311 MARKET ST. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS in "FLIRTING WITH FATE"	<b>STANLEY</b> MARKET AT 19TH REGINALD BARBER'S PRODUCTION "THE OLD STONE"	<b>PARK</b> RIDGE AVE. & DAUPHIN STS. DOROTHY DALTON in "BEHIND MASKS"
<b>56TH ST.</b> THEATRE—Below Spruce CONWAY TEARLE in "SOCIETY SNOB"	<b>333 MARKET STREET</b> THEATRE WILLIAM S. HART in "THE WHISTLE"	<b>WEST ALLEGHENY</b> 25th & Allegheny LOIS WEISS and SPECIAL CAST "TOO WISE WIVES"
<b>FRANKFORD</b> 4112 FRANKFORD AVE. HAZEL DAWN in "DIVINY"	<b>GLOBE</b> 501 SILK STREET BEBE DANIELS in "THE MARCH MARE"	